

ANNE RICHARDS

M^cLANE FARRER

ff

My Mother

ANNE RICHARDS M^cLANE FARRER

A REMEMBRANCE

by

Her Daughter

MARY VAN INGEN FARRER UNWIN



Written for my Grandchildren

in 1933



As, when the seaward ebbing tide doth pour
Out by the low sand spaces,
The parting waves slip back to clasp the shore
With lingering embraces,—

So, in the tide of life that carries me
From where thy true heart dwells,
Waves of my thoughts and memories turn to thee
With lessening farewells;

Waving of hands; dreams, when the day forgets;
. . . . dim regrets;
Thy name among my prayers.

ALICE MEYNELL.

ANNE RICHARDS M^cLANE FARRER

Born April 17th, 1836 · Died February 17th, 1933



IN two months exactly she would have been ninety-seven. A great age—and until the last she was able to walk, to read, and to write. Only during the last year of her life did her mind fail, and her poor hands crumple so that she could not hold her pen; that pen that had written so many letters which kept her scattered family within reach. For sixty years she has been the nucleus—the central staying place of the family. She kept her interest in all that was going on around her; was always pleased with any little attention given her, but never asked for any. Her independent spirit lasted until the end, and even as Death came near to her, she did not complain.

For forty years she had lived her life—alone—a widow, but she sought consolation in books and newspapers; in her love of beauty and colour; in her interest in us and her love for her special friends. She also loved the birds, and never forgot to feed them. During her last year, when she had breakfast in bed, she would always save some crumbs for the birds, and beg for them to be put out on the window-sill.

She was always immaculate in her dress and person. Never have I seen her untidy. She dressed with the greatest care, and at last the exact position of her many safety-pins became almost a craze, so that it was difficult to dress her without irritation. She loved colour, and always wore a bright silk scarf neatly fastened in front with the brooch that Dorothy had made for her.

She treasured her few little possessions, which every year got fewer and fewer; her pieces of lace, her letters, and her cuttings from the papers. She would always carry her case of old letters wherever she went, hoping to be able to read them over again. It was all she had left from the old life, for most of her things were burnt in the fire at Blackheath. She grieved very much over the loss of the old silver

necklace that Father had given her, and the beautiful crystal clock given her by Mrs. Jessup when she was visiting Uncle James.

She was always rather detached, for she had had to make a life for herself when we all left home. Dorothy was the last to go; she had been the baby, and she shared with Charley and Manley, a special place in Mother's heart; but she loved us all in her undemonstrative way. She never showed us her feelings until the last few years; then she seemed to crave feeling, and none from the habit of ninety-fifth year to breakfast, and her to be ill but

Mother was an the heyday of the nation, filled with disciple of Emer- that "all evil was ing." In those pence had been States and every owner, the new seem to be a land where righteous- and all men was in this faith brought up. She Browning, that heaven, All's right with the world." She trusted "God was Love indeed, and Love, creation's final law," and who shall say that she was wrong?

Her father was a Presbyterian minister, and she was brought up strictly in the Puritan faith. She went to college, and tried her hand at composition, writing a criticism of a book, for which she received five dollars. She sang in the choir of her father's church, and was always very fond of music. She had a pleasant voice, was a good



ANNE RICHARDS FARRER WITH
HER SON CHARLES

for more show of of us could unbend years. Until her she always got up I never knew once.

American, born in life of the new optimism, a true son, who believed good in the mak- days, when inde- gained for the man was a land- world did indeed of promise, a land ness would flourish would be free. It that Mother was believed with "God's in His

talker, and a great reader. By these means she gave us children a taste for good literature which has been a blessing to us all our lives. She read many books aloud to us, and especially I remember hearing her read *The Mill on the Floss*, *Westward Ho!*, Scott's novels, and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. These tragic stories often proved too much for our self-control, and one by one we would disappear to hide our emotion. I was miserable for more than a week after the drowning of Maggie and her brother (*The Mill on the Floss*).

Mother had a high sense of duty and the value of work. She never made a debt, in spite of hard times and the needs of a large family. In opposition to the wishes of all her family, she married an English artist who had not as yet made a name for himself, and after the birth of two children, Charley and Susy, she left home and country to follow him to Europe.

They went to Paris for a time, where she had some weird exper- ences; then they crossed to England and took rooms in Richmond, where Nan was born, after which they moved to Chelsea. It must have been very hard for her at first, without home or friends, and I know that she longed for her mother and her brothers. It was a long and dangerous journey in those days to cross the Atlantic, but she certainly had courage. Her mother, Anne Huntington McLane, died soon after I was born in 1872. They were then living in Chelsea, and had taken a house in St. Leonard's Terrace. It was here that she became acquainted with her life-long friend, Mrs. Adam Gielgud, who lived at No. 8. Watts, the famous artist, also lived in this terrace with his lively and attractive and very young wife, Ellen Terry. Watts was far too serious for this budding actress, and the marriage proved a failure and was dissolved. Strangely enough, Mrs. Gielgud's eldest son Frank married later on into the Terry family, and young John, the present actor, is the gifted son of this union.

Father and Mother met many notable people at No. 8. It was here they became acquainted with Flora Shaw, now Lady Lugard, and with the lovely Stillman girls, so often painted by Burne-Jones, and with Mrs. Gielgud's doctor, Dr. Manley Sims, who was from that time until his death their friend and physician.



ANNE RICHARDS FARRER. AGE 95

Father had many delightful artist friends, amongst whom were Edward and Arthur Hughes, William Morris, and Mr. Yeats, the father of the poet. We children used to go to tea with the Yeats family. There were two boys, Willie and Jack, and two girls, Lillie and Lollie. Mr. Yeats, the artist, painted a picture of Susy and so did Ted Hughes; and Percy Thomas; the latter also made several sketches of me. Frank Potter painted a portrait of Nan, but the artists were specially attracted by Susy's glorious hair and lovely colouring. Father was a landscape painter, and his water-colours were admired and praised by John Ruskin. He was a very skilful and gifted etcher, and never had any difficulty in selling his plates. I can see him now, leaning over the copper plate, delicately brushing in the acid with a feather, and at the same time, unfortunately, breathing in the fumes. It was this work and pastel work, which he took up later on, which hastened his death.

After the move to Chelsea, I was born, and then Manley. I clearly remember the night of his birth. We children had been sent to Mrs. Gielgud's to spend the day. We were all sitting up in the nursery playing some game round the nursery fire with the Gielgud family. It was winter, December 7th. There were red curtains drawn across the windows. Suddenly the door opened and Dr. Sims appeared. He showed us a box, and told us that he had brought us a new baby in the box. (These tales were always told to children in those days.) Manley was named after the Doctor.

The next scene I remember was a long cold journey to Colwyn Bay, N. Wales, where we spent a winter while Manley was still a baby. We had to change at Chester and wait a long time for a train, and Father got some apples and tied them to a string and roasted them for us in front of the great fire in the waiting-room. In those days coal was cheap, and the waiting-rooms were really warmed; you did not have to stand round one morsel of smouldering coal in a cold grate as you do to-day. I can still smell the delicious odour of those apples, and see the juice bubbling from their cracked skins. I must have been under five years of age at that time, but I remember the house and the garden where we played shop with turnips and carrots, and many other scenes and events of that holiday. While we were in Wales



ANNE RICHARDS FARRER AND J. M. KENNEDY

Page Eight

at Blackheath

Frank Potter came down and took rooms nearby. He was devoted to children and very good to us, always bringing something in his pockets for us, and playing games with us. He used to dress up and play ogres and scare us all out of our wits. He was a fine painter, but he could not sell his pictures, and although his family were wealthy, he practically died of starvation later on in London.

Dorothy was born in Chelsea, and then the family moved to Hampstead to a delightful house at the (then) corner of Merton Road and Elsworthy Road. Father called the house Queen Anne House, as it was built in that period style. He made it look beautiful inside with the lovely pieces of old furniture that he was always picking up during his painting trips abroad. The house faced straight up the Merton Road to the fields at the top; the long garden backed on to Primrose Hill, and all along the right side lay the Eton and Middlesex cricket ground. We used to sit on our wall and watch the cricket matches on Saturdays, and return the balls that came over the wall. Of course we always favoured the best-looking batsmen. Then the Horse Guards used to come on Primrose Hill, with their lovely horses and the military band, and we never tired of watching their manoeuvres. Queen Anne House stills stands, but the cricket field has been built on, and Elsworthy Road now runs across to St. John's Wood.

One of our gala days was Studio Sunday, when Father showed his pictures, before the opening of the Academy. We were allowed to help serve tea to the guests, and there was great rejoicing if a picture was sold.

It was while we were at Queen Anne House that Charley left home. He went first to Maryland, U.S.A., and then to the "Wild West" as a rancher. He remained in Colorado until the discovery of gold on the Yukon, when he joined the "gold rush." It must have been very hard for Mother to lose her eldest boy at the age of seventeen. He has only been back to this country once, but she saw him in New York during one of her visits to the States, when she was staying with her sister, Mary Van Ingen. Mother made several visits with Father to her native country. She was very fond of her brother, James McLane, the distinguished New York physician, and had a special place in her heart for his son, Cousin Tom, with whom she kept up

Page Nine

a regular correspondence all her life. It was during her last visit to New Canaan that she went to see the old home in New London.

After some years, Mother moved to No. 35 King Henry's Road. Father was away painting at the time; he never liked the house, or the road, and he died there, of pneumonia, one lovely day in June 1891. My last recollection of him, before he took to his bed, was of him sitting over the fire in the drawing-room and asking me to play to him. He was passionately fond of music. Dr. Sims was called to attend him, but it was too late; the local doctor had mistaken the symptoms. (This was the last time I ever saw Dr. Sims.) Father was cremated at Woking.

Thomas Charles Farrer, after whom my boy Tom was named, was a charming man, a favourite wherever he went. He was a fine and sensitive artist, a delightful talker with a keen sense of humour, and a dear companion to us children. He was very good-looking, and always seemed more like a brother than a father. He took me with him several times when he went to Burnham Beeches to paint. We stayed at a little cottage on the common, and I used to wander about the woods by myself most of the day, making up stories, etc. Nan and I were both engaged during the last year of his life, but he died before any of us were married. I often thought, during the fourteen years that Phil and I lived in Spain, how he would have loved to have stayed with us and painted in that land of glorious colour and romance.

So Mother was left, forty-two years ago, with a family of six and very small means. Nan and I were married in the autumn, she in Hampstead, and I from Mrs. Henry Unwin's house in Tunbridge Wells. After that, Mother moved to Holland Park, where she remained for more than thirty years. Susy, Manley and Dorothy were all married from there, and it was there that Charlie came on his one return visit to his home. Mother's family were very good to her, and it was owing to their kindness and generosity that she was freed from worry about money matters, and never lacked anything which could add to her comfort.

She lived alone, but always within reach of some of her children, and always within sight of the lovely trees in the Holland Park Gardens, which were a joy and solace to her. She loved London, and would

walk out every day, crossing the roads amongst the motor traffic, secure in the upraised arm of a friendly policeman. She was a great admirer of Dick Sheppard, and loved to attend the services at St. Martin's Church.

When we came home from Spain and settled at Mill House, Carshalton, she moved into our house and lived with us for three years. She was paying a Christmas visit to Dorothy when their first fire broke out on Christmas Day, 1925. She always enjoyed the family reunions, and was very proud of her age and her grandchildren. An entry in my diary, dated December 1926, reads, "A happy Christmas Day, fourteen of us to dinner at Dorothy's, with little Grannie in her black velvet and lace, eating plum pudding and mince pie at ninety."

Mother was present with us all at Ronnie's wedding in Tunbridge Wells to Audrey Mona Ketley (strange that he and I were both married in Tunbridge Wells, though we had never lived there). It was a lovely simple wedding. Amongst the guests were Uncle Jack Unwin, Mrs. Henry Unwin, Lady Byles, and, as I said, Mother, all of whom have since died, including Mr. and Mrs. Ketley, Audrey's parents.

When we had to break up our home at Carshalton, Mother returned to Holland Park; but she was not there long, for while we were in the West Indies Susy fetched her away, and she remained with her in Eton Road, paying long visits to Blackheath in the summer time. Then in September 1931, when we moved in to Loxley Cottage, she came back to us for four months. She loved the view of the pine-trees and the cows and sheep in the field opposite, and the sunshine which poured into her bedroom window. She was getting very infirm and shaky on her feet, but she always got up after I had lit her stove, to wash her face and put on her cap, "to be ready to be kissed," as she said, when I brought up her breakfast.

She left me in January 1932, and returned to Susy, and stayed with her until August, when Dorothy fetched her away for the last journey she was to make. She settled down in the big chair by the fire in Dorothy's room, and she told me, when I went to see her, that she was never to move again, that that chair was to be her place until she died. She had had several dreams about dying—did she know or feel that her end was near? She never said much, just liked to be with us

all, and always hoped she was not in the way or giving us trouble. She was unconscious all day on February 17, 1933, and died at 5 p.m. And so, "without mortal violence, her spirit fled," . . . "Into the gold of that unsetting sun, Calm land beyond the sea." One of the last names to bring a smile to her face was that of Tom McLane.

One of her friends said of her that "she combined sweetness and light."

It was a lovely day when she died. The sun was setting behind the trees and the golden light came into her window, just as she had always loved to see it; but later, as she lay there so white and cold and still, it began to snow, and it snowed every day until the funeral.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on. . . .
I do not ask to see the distant scene,
One step enough for me.

What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again. . . .
Not of adamant and gold
Built He heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds; . . .
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored. . . .

EMERSON.

FAMILY HISTORY ON MOTHER'S SIDE

THE HUNTINGTON PEDIGREE

IN 1633 (just 300 years ago) Simon Huntington left England for America. He died on the voyage out. His wife and family settled in Norwich, Connecticut. Their son, Simon (born in England, 1627), married Sarah Clark. Sarah's son, Simon, had a son, Joshua, born 1698. This Joshua married Hannah Perkins. He was a noted merchant in Norwich, Conn. His son, Jabez, born 1719, married Elizabeth Bacchus. Jabez was a member of the Colonial Assembly of 1750, and Speaker of the Lower House. He was also an officer in the Army. His son, Jedidiah Huntington, was born in 1743, and was my great grandfather. Jedidiah graduated at Harvard University in 1763 at the age of twenty. He married Faith, daughter of Governor Trumbull, and after her death he married Anne C. Moore, sister of Bishop Moore, of Virginia. Jedidiah was Colonel of the 8th Connecticut Regiment in 1776, Brigadier-General in 1777, and Major-General at the close of the War of Independence. He formed one of the court martial that tried Major André. He was Vice-President of the Order of Cincinnati, Sheriff of New London, Treasurer Collector for the same and Representative of his State. He was the first President of the Union Bank of New London, incorporated May 1792. This and the Hartford Bank are the oldest banks in Connecticut.

General Huntington was a personal friend of General Washington, and one of his Aides. Washington stopped in Norwich in 1776 on his way from Boston to New York. General (then Colonel) Huntington entertained him at dinner with Governor Trumbull. In 1778 La Fayette spent three days with him while his men were encamped nearby. When on his last visit to this country, La Fayette went to New London to pay his respects to the widow of General Huntington. Standing before his portrait, "he gave utterance to his veneration for his memory."

The house which General Huntington built in New London at the corner of Broad Street he modelled after that of General Washington at Mount Vernon. He was buried in New London, but his body was

afterwards removed to his native town, Norwich, where he lies in the family tomb. He died September 25, 1818. He served with distinction in all the important battles of the war; he was an officer and pillar of the Church of which he was a member, and his munificence was pronounced without a parallel in his native state. His wife (my great-grandmother), Anne Channing (Moore[†]) Huntington, died January 9, 1857.

RICHARDS PEDIGREE

JOHN RICHARDS came from England to America in 1637. His son John was a Lieutenant in the army in 1711. He was a merchant in New London, Conn. His son George, born 1722, was High Sheriff of New London, and was a man of great size and strength. His son Guy married Hannah Dolbeare in 1773. She was descended from Sir Richard Dolbeare, who was knighted by the Black Prince at the Battle of Crécy, and to whose memory there is a tablet in the old church of Hereford. This Guy built the house in New London, in which their grandchildren still live. Their portraits hang on the walls,

[†] Extract from the Heralds' College, London, taken from the King's books in 1770 by a cousin of Mrs. A. C. Huntington: "Sir John Moore of Fawley, sometime written Frawley, Berkshire, was created a Knight by King Charles I, on the 21st day of May, 1627, Motto on the coat of arms, 'Nihil utile quod non honestum.'" His grandson John emigrated to South Carolina, where he practised law, and then moved to Philadelphia, where he was appointed Attorney-General. His son, Colonel Thos. L. Moore, must have moved to New York, for he owned "the whole ground from the corner of Water Street to the East River on the east front of the street now named Moore Street, in memory of his worth and usefulness as a citizen."

"Colonel Thomas L. Moore was born in New York, educated at Westminster School in London, returned to his native country aged twenty-one, and engaged in business in New York. . . . After the restoration of peace, he retired to spend the remainder of his days with his beloved daughter, Mrs. Gen. Huntington, in Norwich, Conn., where he died. He never withdrew his allegiance to the British crown. In 1785 his remains were removed to New York by his son, the late Bishop of Virginia, and deposited in the family vault in Trinity Churchyard, at the south side of the church, nearly opposite the west end thereof." He had eighteen children.

General Huntington and Anne Channing (Moore) had a daughter, Anne Channing Huntington, who married Peter Richards, the son of Guy Richards and Hannah Dolbeare.

and they possess many old pieces of silver marked with the Dolbeare crest and arms; also a collection of pewter plates and dishes brought by Hannah on her marriage.

Edmund Dolbeare came to America about the year 1678. He started in business in Boston with his sons. One of the latter, John, left a fortune of £57,000, exclusive of household goods. His estate included a pew in the Old South Church and a pew in the Old Brick Meeting House, Boston.

John Dolbeare was undoubtedly of the family of De La Barre, whose name appears in Hollingshead's *Ancient Chronicle* among those who came over to England with William the Conqueror. Many facts . . . establish the identity of the families, among which are the changes of name, the records of Hereford Cathedral, the Arms which John used, and the traditions of the family. The pieces of silver which have come down from John's estate to the present generation are engraved with the plume of feathers and other insignia on the brass of Sir Richard Dolbeare in Hereford Cathedral, on the floor of the S.E. transept, dated 1514. Also from the records of the Cathedral, "The Brass of Richard de la Barr, of 1386."

In Bigland's *Gloucestershire*, vol. i, page 312, is an engraving of a very curious portrait of Sir Richard de la Bere . . . receiving his cognizance from Edward the Black Prince at the Battle of Crécy, 1346. Sir Richard died in 1382. Southam House, about two miles from Cheltenham, in the parish of Bishop's Cleeve, is the property of Thomas Bagshott de la Bere, Esq., and was built in the time of Henry VIII. In the church there is a sumptuous mural and altar monument to the memory of Richard de la Bere, Esq., of Southam, and his lady. He died in 1635.

NOTE.—These records were copied from old records by Anne Richards McLane Farrer (my Mother), while on a visit to the old New England home in January 1905, and re-copied by

MARY UNWIN.

DUNSFOLD, SURREY,
FEBRUARY 1933.